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brother thanks, which are unintelligible to him and of no use in his business, which is to get a scant living by the chase. Consequently, after loitering about for a time, he concludes his overtures are rejected, picks up his own gift and walks away. The white man is outraged in his sensibilities by this performance, but the Indian sees nothing strange in the transaction. An old resident on the frontier understands these things better, and sends the Indian away with a present equalling in value, from the red man's point of view, his own gift. To give something for nothing is, to the Indian, indicative of a want of common sense. Indian benevolence always "has a string tied to it." All things to them have a commercial value, from human life or the virtue of a woman to the skins of animals. As a boy, I lived in this State when Indians were more numerous than anything else but wolves, and enjoyed a rather intimate acquaintance with them. I do not hate them, nor have I any sentimental regard for this vanished race, vanished from my old home. Yours respectfully,

Seneca E. Truesdell.

195 ST. ANTHONY AVENUE, ST. PAUL, MINN.

PETER PIPER VERSUS PETER PIPERNUS (see No. 16, January-April, 1892, p. 74). — Through the courtesy of Miss Caroline M. Hewins, of Hartford, I have received the following letter, which shows these verses are of English origin, and leaves the evidence in the last verse of Peter Piper being the most ancient, favoring Mr. Leland's theory. *W. J. P.*

"Part of the Peter Piper verses, with illustrations, were in a collection of woodcuts — my favorite picture book — from Gilbert, Weir, Leech, and other artists, published in 1854 by Griffith & Farran, London. I think I have lately used the book and sent it away, but will look at it again. I have the verses, with a few variations, in 'Jessie,' one of the Aimwell Stories, by Walter Aimwell (Simonds), published by Gould & Lincoln, Boston, about 1858. The variations are: —

Davy Doldrum.

Enoch Elkrig.

Francis Fipple, flogged.

Inigo Impey itched for.

Mathew Menlegs missed.

Quixote Quixite.

Villiam Voedy viped his vig and vaistcoat,

His 'Uncle's Usher urged an ugly urchin.'

The missing lines are: —

X Y Z have made my brains to crack O ;

X smokes, Y snuffs, Z chews too strong tobacco ;

Though oft by X Y Z much love is taught,

Still Peter Piper beats them all to nought."

CUSTOM OF "MEASURING" SICK CHILDREN. — In Mr. J. Howard Gore's very interesting contribution entitled "The Go-backs," in the last number

of the Journal, is a description of the "measuring" of a sick infant in the mountains of Virginia.

Precisely the same custom, based upon the same idea, exists in the mountains of Pennsylvania, as I have described in a paper soon to appear in vol. ix., "Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology."

It may not be out of place to say that it was my own little daughter that was to be "measured," but the "measuring" had to be done by a "wise woman," who pronounced, without seeing her, that my child was dying of "flesh-decay."

The physicians in attendance had made a diagnosis of "retarded dentition," which diagnosis was correct, and the baby soon recovered. But it has always seemed to me that I did wrong in not letting the old "wise woman" go through her office, so that I might take notes of all she did.

Perhaps no superstition is more widely diffused than this "measuring." The Pennsylvania and perhaps the Virginia settlers brought it over from Germany, although no part of Europe is free from it.

So, in Mexico, we find the "medidas" everywhere, with the distortion that it is not the patient who is to be measured, but some statue of the Madonna, or a saint of local celebrity. The "medida" of the saint's head cures headache; that of the body, internal disorders; those of the legs and arms, rheumatism and dropsy.

In many of the outlying districts, one can still find at the church portals vendors of "medidas" and "milagros," each "medida" being a ribbon stamped with the words, in Spanish: "Measure of our Lady of ——," "Measure of Saint —— of."

I have bought these things many and many a time.

John G. Bourke, Capt. 3d Cavalry, U. S. Army.

FORT RINGGOLD, TEXAS.

SUPERSTITIONS OF IRISH ORIGIN IN BOSTON, MASS. — If you meet a funeral, you must turn and go back a few steps before continuing your journey.

The oldest member of a family takes the children, from the oldest to the youngest, and makes them walk three times across the grave. It cures disease.

When a funeral goes by, you must say: "Lord have mercy on them."

Turn everything upside down in the room when the dead is laid out.

Stop the clock and cover the mirrors. This is still said to be always done among Irish in Boston.

When the first child dies, the mother must not attend the funeral; if she does, she will die also.

A new-born baby, when dressed, is to be shaken, holding it up by the feet. This will bring good luck.

In a strange house, put a garter at the head of your bed, and think on the one you are to marry, naming the bedposts.

Place your clothes in the four corners of the room, and you will dream of the one you are to marry.

If you have the hiccough, and think of the right person, it will go away.

If your hand itches, rub it on a wooden object, saying: